

Constantine Republican

VOLUME II...No. 51.

CONSTANTINE, ST. JOSEPH COUNTY, MICHIGAN, JULY 25, 1838.

NUMBER 103.

CONSTANTINE REPUBLICAN,

PUBLISHED BY
DANIEL HUNGER,
Every Wednesday Morning, corner of Canine and
Water streets, at his Printing-Office and Book-
store, over the Bank, St. Joseph, Mich.

TERMS: \$2 50, if paid in advance;
\$3 00, after the first 3 months; or, PER ANNUM,
\$30, at the end of the year.

**TO OWNERS OF MILLS, AND
MILL PRIVILEGES.**—The subscriber
offers his services as a Mill Wright, in the erec-
tion of new mills of all kinds, and in the improve-
ment of old ones. He would state that his whole
life has been spent in the study and practice of
this kind of machinery, and from long expe-
rience as an operative, both in Europe and the
United States, he has been enabled to inform
himself of all the improvements introduced in
machinery as applicable to water or steam power,
and feels warranted in assuring those who may
have occasion for his services, that he is master
of his business, and perfectly able to perform any
work satisfactorily.

The subscriber resides at Centerville, at which
place, he has lately been overhauling and new-
gearing a grist mill, introducing entire new ma-
chinery and three new sets of stones.

Letters addressed to Centerville, St. Joseph
county, Michigan, from any part of the state, or
from Indiana, Illinois or Wisconsin and post
paid, will receive prompt attention.

JOHN BEAUMONT.
REFERENCES: Mack & Patterson, Rochester,
N. Y.; Glass, A. Stewart, Esq., Detroit, Mich.;
Digby V. Bell, Esq., Centerville, Mich.; John
Fitch, Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Henry Polkenhorn,
Detroit; Jackson Langworthy, Rochester.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The proprietors
of the Democratic Free Press, respectfully
inform their friends and the public, that they
will hereafter publish the same DAILY and
WEEKLY. With the desire of making the Free
Press worthy of the favor and patronage which
it enjoys, the proprietors have been at great ex-
pense to obtain new and excellent material and
stock for their establishment, and they flatter
themselves that they will hereafter issue their
respective publications in a manner that will
give general satisfaction to their patrons.

The DAILY FREE PRESS, will be published
every morning, except on a large
sheet of the finest quality, and will contain
the latest foreign and domestic intelligence
of the day.—Terms, eight dollars per annum,
payable every six months.

The WEEKLY FREE PRESS, will be published
every Wednesday morning, on a large elephant
sheet of the finest quality, and will contain
the same matter published in the Daily and Semi-
Weekly papers.—Terms, three dollars, in ad-
vance.

At the late session of the legislature the Editor
of the Free Press was appointed State Printer,
and the Free Press consequently made the State
Paper of Michigan. The earliest issue of a
domestic official character will therefore be
found in its columns. During the session of the
Legislature competent reporters will be employ-
ed in each House, and a correct daily report of
the proceedings and Debates published. The
laws of State are to be published in it forthwith
upon their passage, and they are made legal evi-
dence in its columns for six months after the
close of the session at which they may be passed.

The proprietors are also publishers of the laws
of the United States, and every subscriber there-
fore who is careful enough to preserve his file
will have by him, not only the proceedings and
discussions of the Legislature, but also the laws
of the State and the United States complete in
either the Daily or Weekly sheet.

Each paper will be mailed regularly to country
subscribers, on the morning of publication
and forwarded by the earliest mails.

Detroit, June 5, 1837. 57

THE undersigned hereby gives notice that
he will do Conveyancing, take proofs and
acknowledgments of Deeds, mortgages, take af-
fides, protest bills and notes for non-payment,
and attend to all other business pertaining to the
duties of his office.

JAS. EASTMAN JOHNSON.
Notary Public, in and for the County of St. Jo-
seph. Constantine, March 1, 1837. 354

POWELL'S PISTOLS.—One dozen first
rate fowling pieces, flint and percussion
locks—also, fine rifle powder; common do, per-
cussion powder and caps; flints; assorted sizes
shot, for sale by
C. L. & A. MILLER.
Aug. 15. 59

JUST RECEIVED, a large lot of sta-
ple domestic goods, such as 6-4 and 3-4 tick-
ing; superior bleached shirtings, common brown
do.; bleached and brown sheetings, some extra
heavy, for sale by
C. L. & A. MILLER.
August 1, 1837. 57

SEGARS.—10,000 Marino, Principe and
light Havana Segars; also, 10,000
common do. Superior fine cut chewing and
smoking tobacco; Macaboy and Scotch snuff,
for sale by
C. L. & A. MILLER.
August 1. 57

GROCERIES.—The subscribers have
received a new supply of Groceries, which
makes their assortment complete. Among them
may be found black and green Teas of different
kinds; Java, Rio and Laguira Coffee; St. Croix,
Porto Rico and Java Lump Sugars; N. O.
molasses; rice; chocolate; spice; pepper; ginger,
&c., &c. Also a new supply of Liquors,
consisting of—French, American and cherry
brandy; St. Croix and N. O. rum; Holland gin;
Maderia, Malaga, Muscat, claret and Champagne
wines. They will be sold on as good terms and
as low prices as at any other establishment in
this part of the country. Tavern keepers and
others wishing to purchase, are requested to call
and see our goods and learn prices.

Aug. 3, 1837. C. L. & A. MILLER.

LAST CALL.—All persons indebted to
L. W. T. HOUSE, will please call and settle
the same by the 15th inst. or have the pleas-
ure of settling the same with a Justice of the
Peace. Constantine, April 5, 1836. 404

DRY GOODS.—A general assortment of
dry goods for sale by
ALBERT ANDRUS & CO.
October 7, 1837. 68

**TO BANKING & INSURANCE
COMPANIES, MERCHANTS, AND
OTHERS.**—The subscribers have in operation
a new Bindery, and are prepared to execute orders
for FANCY BLANK BOOKS, for Banks, Merchants,
and others, in superior style.

BAGG, BARNES & CO.,
Near King's Corner, Woodward Avenue,
Detroit, June 14, 1837. 59

JUST RECEIVED and for sale by the
subscriber, 6,000 lbs. Nails; 6,000 lbs. Iron;
25 boxes glass; wet and dry Groceries.

All the above named articles, the subscriber
holds at Cash. I. J. ULLMANN,
Constantine May 24. 47

SMITHS & BOWMAN, having received
a re-supply to their former stock of Goods,
wholesale and retail.

**Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Cut-
lery, Medicine, Crockery, School Books,
Blank Books, Boots and Shoes, Looking-
Glasses, Window Glass, 7 by 9, 8 by 10,
and 10 by 12.**
All of which they offer for the lowest cash prices.
They would also inform their friends and
customers, both in St. Joseph and Kalamazoo
Counties, that their Flouring mill will be in op-
eration by the 6th February, when they will be
able to answer all orders for flouring and bar-
reling or grinding Custom work.

They would further give notice that all persons
living on the south side of the river, and coming
to mill or to trade at their store, they will give
them a pass which shall pay their Ferriage across
to and from Three Rivers.

Three Rivers, Jan. 30, 1837. 311

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid as-
sortment of **HARD-
WARE,** consisting of
Cutlery, Pocket
Knives, Razors, Scissors,
Shears, Brass and Glass Commode Knobs,
Pads, Trunk and Door Locks, Knockers, Door
Latches, Blind Fasteners, Candle Sticks, Pocket
Pistols, Swords and Scram Drivers, Brit-
annia and Tinned Iron Table and Tea Spoons,
every variety of Hinges, Spurs, Curry Combs,
Furze, Shovels and Tongs, &c. &c. &c.

Also, a great variety of Whips, Whipstocks,
Riding Whips, &c. &c. For sale by
ISAAC J. ULLMANN.

At the new Book Store of
BAGG, BARNES & CO.
June 14, 59 Woodward Avenue:

SCHOOL BOOKS.—A large and gener-
al assortment of School Books of the latest
and best editions, including
Olney's Geography and Maps,
Mallo Brun's do do
Woodbridge's do do
New York's do do
Hart's do do
Parley's do do
Webster's Elementary Spelling Book,
Webster's do do
Emerson's do do
Hazen's Speller and Definer,
Davis' Arithmetic,
Colburn's do do
Adams' do do
Smith's do do
Emerson's do do
Daboll's do do
Willett's do do
Parley's History, first book, do 2nd and 3d,
American Class Book,
National Reader,
Introduction to do
Young Reader,
Academic Speaker, &c. &c. &c.

For sale by **BAGG, BARNES & CO.**
Woodward Avenue, near King's Corner,
Detroit, June 14. 59

EVERETT'S ORATIONS for sale
by **BAGG, BARNES & CO.**
Woodward Avenue, near King's Corner,
Detroit, June 14. 59

MUSIC STORE.—MUSICAL IN-
STRUMENTS of every kind, and in
great variety, kept constantly on hand and for
sale at the Detroit Bookstore, (old stand of
Morris & Brother) where those wishing to pur-
chase are invited to call and examine for them-
selves. The following articles can be found
among the stock now on hand:
Two very superior Gorman Violoncelles,
Kent Bingles, Post Horns, Hunters' Pocket do.,
Flutes with from one to eight keys,
Pitch pipes, Tuning forks, Violin mutes,
Capo D'Astros, Guitars, with single and doub-
le bottoms, small Bingles, Pandion Pipes,
Bugle crooks and stumps, Violin bridges,
Fiddle and bows, Piano and Guitar strings,
Fifes, common and extra, Flageolet and Clar-
inetto, Violins, an extensive assortment, among
which are to be found one of the celebrated
stamp of **Breton**; one of **Claudio's** famed in-
struments, and one containing the stamp of
Thomson. Advertisers of the Violin are invited
to call and examine these celebrated instruments.
Just received as above a large assortment of **Pi-
ANO MUSIC**, well assorted;
Piano instructors, Preceptors for the flute, lute,
&c., &c. Admirable airs for the flute, violin, key-
board and fingered.
Also, **LIAISON**, Mouth harmonicas,
Portable music desks, Bass and snare drums,
&c. &c.
As soon as navigation opens, every addition
which the market requires will be received, and
the assortment kept full. Pianosfortes will be con-
stantly kept on hand, together with all the new
music as soon as it is published. **Musical Descriptions**
will be furnished with every thing in this
line, on the most reasonable terms.
BURGER & STEVENS.
Detroit, Jan. 3, 1838. 176

**PAINTERS' PATENT PLAT-
FORM SCALES,** are now in extensive use
in all parts of the U. S.—are not liable to get out
of order—occupy but little space—no expense in
adjusting them—no heavy weights to handle, and
very convenient for weighing. The common
platform scales vary between a very heavy and
light draughts in, in these scales com-
pletely obviated—the operation being equally
certain in weighing bodies of any capacity or a
mount.

The subscriber has received an agency for the
sale of the above article in all its varieties, and will
soon be able to furnish scales to any order with
which he may be favored.

ALLEN GOODRIDGE.
Constantine, May 24, 1837. 47

**ERIE CANAL TRANSPORTA-
TION.**—INDEPENDENT WASHINGTON LINE.
Down, Carter & Co. Proprietors, will start a boat
from New-York and Albany for Buffalo daily.
Freights and Passengers forwarded to Roch-
ester, Buffalo, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky,
Indiana, and Missouri, with despatch. Refer to
Bookley & Noble, Monroe, M. T.
Mead, Perin & Co. Northville, M. T.
John Hartshorn, South Ste. Marie, M. T.
John F. Porter & Co. St. Joseph,
Rex Robinson, Grand River,
H. H. Comstock, Kalamazoo,
For Freight or passage, apply to
A. H. Gale, New York, 76 Cortlandt street,
Down & Co., 115 Washington street, N. York.
L. Barker & Co. Rochester, N. Y.
R. E. Palmer & Co. Buffalo, N. Y.

THE DAUGHTER'S REQUEST.

BY MISS ANDY.

My father, thou hast not the tale denied—
They say that, ere noon to-morrow,
Thou wilt bring back a radiant and smiling bride,
To our lonely house of sorrow.
I should wish thee joy of thy coming bliss,
But tears are my words suppressing;
I think on my mother's dying kiss,
And my mother's parting blessing.

Yet to-morrow I hope to hide my care,
I will still my bosom's beating,
And strive to give to thy chosen fair
A kind and cordial greeting.
She will heed me not, in the joyous pride
Of her pomp, and friends, and beauty;
Ah! little need has a new-made bride
Of a daughter's quiet duty.

Thou gavest her costly gems they say,
When thy heart first fondly sought her:
Dear father, one nuptial gift I pray,
Bestow on thy weeping daughter.
My eye, even now, on the treasure falls,
I covet and ask no other;
'Tis but a trifling thing, an ancient wall—
'Tis the portrait of my mother!

To-morrow, when all is in festal guise,
And the guests our rooms are filling,
The calm meek gaze of those hazel eyes
Might thy soul with grief be thrilling.
And a gloom on thy marriage banquet cast,
Sad thoughts of their own giving,
For a fleeting twelvemonth scarce has past,
Since she mingled with the living.

If thy bride should weary or offend,
That portrait might awaken feelings
Of the love of thy fond departed friend,
And its sweet and kind revelations;
Of her meek and commanding force, unchecked
By feble or selfish weakness;
Of her speech, where dazzling intellect
Was softened by christian meekness.

Then, father, grant that at once to-night,
Ere the bridal crowd's intrusion;
I remove this portrait from thy sight,
To my chamber's still seclusion;
It will nerve me to-morrow's dawn to bear,
I will beam on me protection,
When I ask of Heaven, in my filial prayer,
To hallow the new connexion.

Thou wilt weep, father, in pride and glee,
To renew the time once broken,
But nought on earth remains to me
Save this and sad silent token.
The husband's tears may be few and brief,
He may woo and win another,
But the daughter clings in unchanging grief
To the image of her mother!

THE HOME OF THE DESOLATE.

"How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery! Sore pierced by wintry winds,
How many sink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty!"

It was night—the storm howled sadly
By—and the mother sat in silence by
the scanty fire, that warmed and faintly lighted
the wretched, dilapidated cottage, once in
brighter days her happy home! She had
divided to her ragged and starving babes
the little plenty of bread remaining to her,
yet scarcely sufficing to satisfy the mad crav-
ings of hunger! Little thought they that
they claimed a mother's all; yea, all of it
was given; with a silent tear that it was all!
She hushed their cries, soothed their sor-
rows, covered them with her tattered mantle,
bade them a sad good night and returned
to her sorrowful vigil.

The night wore away—and still sat the
mother over the fading fire she could not
replenish, waiting the coming of him whose
returning footsteps once caused a thrill of
joy through her bosom, and was hailed with
boisterous glee by his little ones. Once
he promised at the altar to love and cher-
ish her, and nobly awhile did he redeem
the pledge. His cottage was the home of
comfort, and his wife and infants divided
his love. But ah! how changed! He had
become a drunkard! His business was
neglected—his home was deserted—and
his late return was but the harbinger of
woe! He came to curse the innocent partner
of his misery as the author of his
wretchedness, and his frightened children
shrank away from him, screaming as from
a fiend. Where waits he now? The
shadows of night have now darkened the
landscape. What delays his return?
Alas! the low haunt which has nightly wit-
nessed the shameful revel, now echoes to
his frantic shout. Surrounded by boon
companions, he seeks to drown the memory
of his sorrows in the bowl; while his wret-
ched, starving, squalid wife still keeps her
lonely vigil by her cheerless hearth.

Stillness—solemn stillness like the grave's
reigns in that dreary habitation; and no
sound is heard, save when the fitful sighing
of her dreaming infants, arouses the watcher
from her trance. Then she raises her aching
head to the dim dial, and with a glance
to Heaven turns to her lonely watch again.
But now "the tempest of her feelings has
grown too fierce to be represented"—her
bosom heaves with the wild emotions of her
soul—and her thin hands seem endeavor-
ing to force back the bursting torrent of her
tears.

The clock struck the hour of midnight—
and he came as wont. With a fearful oath
he cursed his wife's fond care; and that
mother's silent tears, and the low wail of
his silent babes went up to God for wit-
ness.

Would you know the conclusion of the
story? Go ask the jail, the almshouse, and
the grave—and they will tell you!

A man praising a tale, said it was an ex-
cellent drink, though taken in great quan-
tities, it made him fat. "I have seen it
make you lean," replied the other.

Mr. Biddle has not yet resumed. He
probably "sees what he did not before see,"
—his inability to resume.

The last way of taking Soda.

—We laughed
most heartily at the following ludicrous
account of an entirely new plan for taking
soda powders, and fancy we can see the
poor fellow now who first tried the experi-
ment. The story was raised by the editor
of the Baltimore Athenaeum, and if it works
upon the risibles of our readers as much as
it did upon ours, we shall be satisfied. As
the story runs, an individual who had never
seen the process of mixing a soda powder
performed, was ordered by his physician to
drink soda water. A box of powders was
accordingly obtained from the druggists,
and acid dissolved in one tumbler, and the
soda in another, as per directions. With
sundry contortions of the face, the acid was
turned off, and then the soda poured into
his stomach after it. The acid and the alk-
ali meeting in that confined region, and
finding it too small for their lively opera-
tions, boiled over, as a matter of course.
The poor fellow thought it was certainly his
day of doom when he felt the pother with-
in him, and foam spouting from his mouth
and nose like a steam safety valve. The
next time he took a soda powder, he was
like the Irishman when he caught a second
snake—he let it alone.

From the Livingston Register.

THE FARMER.

Where virtue and industry flourish in a
nation, they produce so much happiness a-
mong men, that it is difficult to convey to
vice and indolence a sufficiency of such in-
digns as real happiness. Virtue and indus-
try are the whole sources of a farmer's hap-
piness and prosperity. See the careful hus-
bandman, having gathered in the fruits of
autumn, with pleasure he is again preparing
for another crop. The stubborn globe
yields to his plough, and the nutritious par-
ticles of the soil are exposed to the benign
influence of the air and sun. He scatters
the seed with an even hand, and having per-
formed the duty of a tender planter, places
in providence his hopes of a joyful harvest.
Well may the Americans consider the cul-
tivation of the earth as the first, the most
pleasurable, and the most beneficial art ever
bestowed by Heaven on the children of
men. Where is there an individual that re-
alizes more real comfort than the American
farmer? The farmer may justly be consid-
ered the stay and support of the human race
—the genuine source of real wealth and
substantial happiness. As for the farmer,
though mines of gold and silver were un-
known to him, and the pieces coined from
those precious metals strangers to the land;
though diamonds remained concealed in the
bowels of the mountains and the pearls still
squeezed themselves at the bottom of the
deep; though foreign commerce was pro-
hibited and trade confined to a barter of
the common necessities of life; though all
the arts of splendor had never reached our
shores, and luxury was not heard of even
by name, still the fertility of the soil alone
would afford sufficient supplies from the al-
arming apprehensions of any approaching
want.

The brown standard of evening displays
itself on the western battlements of Heav-
en before the farmer ceases from his work.

Happy husbandman! The calm pleas-
ures of the country are never exchanged for
the noisy diversions of the town. The
approach of age has no power to alarm them
nor the accidents common to human na-
ture to dampen thy enjoyments. Calm and
serene in the hour of affliction, thou en-
joyest that inward satisfaction of mind
which riches cannot purchase. The mis-
eries and debilities of old age are never felt
by thee, before the season of many vigor is
over.

From the Pennsylvania.

MISSISSIPPI EDITORS.—As there appears to
be a disposition among the federal papers,
to decry many of the prominent men in the
republican party, and to stigmatize them as
infidels, agrarians and enemies to good or-
der, and a government of laws, I think it
not amiss, in order to correct any errone-
ous impression they may create, to publish
any evidence that distinguished men in the
democratic party have publicly given, so
as to remove from the rising generation
many of the base slanders that we so
often witness in the opposition papers.—
I therefore send you a paper containing a
letter from Thomas Jefferson, with an en-
dorsement from Andrew Jackson, recom-
mending to a youth in this city, a proper
advice in regard to his moral and religious
course in life. I am not aware that these
letters ever appeared in the newspapers—
that of Mr. Jefferson was written in Janu-
ary, 1824, and the endorsement of General
Jackson, June 9, 1833, while he was on a
visit to Philadelphia. The letter is a fac-
simile of the originals, and they can be seen
at any time.

A SUBSCRIBER.

JEFFERSON AND JACKSON'S SENTIMENTS ON RELIGION.

Th. Jefferson to Th. Jefferson Grotjan.
Your affectionate mother requests that I
should address you as a namesake, some-
thing which might have a favorable influ-
ence on the course of life you have to run.
Few words are necessary, with a good dis-
position on your part. Adore God—re-
verence and cherish your parents—love
your neighbor as yourself, and your coun-
try more than life—be just, be true—mu-
mur not at the ways of Providence, and the
life into which you have entered will be the
passage to one of eternal and ineffable
bliss, and if to the dead it is permitted to
care for the things of this world, every ac-

tion of your life will be under my regard.
Farewell.

TH. JEFFERSON.
Monticello, Jan. 10, '24.

Although requested by Mr. Grotjan, yet
I can add nothing to the admirable advice
given to his son, by that virtuous patriot
and enlightened statesman, Thomas Jeff-
erson. The precious relic which he sent to
the young child, contains the purest morali-
ty, and inculcates the noblest sentiments.
I can only recommend a rigid adherence to
them. They will carry him through life
safely and respectably, and what is far bet-
ter, they will carry him through death tri-
umphantly; and we may humbly trust they
will secure to all, who in principle and
practice adopt them, that crown of immortality
described in the holy scriptures.

ANDREW JACKSON.
Philadelphia June 9, 1833.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE BANK.—Vat
you say, sare? Vill you read, sare? Is
dis not uno ten dollar yours, sare? Vill
you not pay de Pargent, sare—de sil-
varo, de gold, de coppare?

We have suspended, sir, and do not re-
deem our notes with coin.

Suspende! what dat—hang by de neck
like one damn chinen dog! O no, sare,
you no deceive me, sare, I vill have de mo-
ney, sare, by Gar! I vill shoot you mit de
pistolet, de gun, de cannon, sare—ch? Vill
you no pay de Pargent?

No, Mr. Trompe, we cannot redeem the
note now, but will when the other banks
pay theirs.

Ven de other banque pay deirs, sare?—
By Gar, de oder banque say de same, sare.
Ven you pay your, sare? Mon Dieu! Mon
Dieu! de la monie, de silvaro, gold, cop-
pare, Pargent, sare! Look here, I tear de
damn billet note in little piece—I spit on him
—I cheiv him—you lose your damn note,
sare! I am revenge! I am by Gar, re-
venge!

So saying the little Frenchman walked
out of the bank with the imperial air of a
Napoleon.—Staubenville Union.

JONATHAN OVER MORE.—How old are
ye?" said Mr. Major Kiplins to a dwarfish
young man.

"Twenty."

"I wonder you arn't right down ashamed
of being no bigger; you look like a boy
of ten."

"All comes of being a dutiful child."

"How so?"

"When I was ten, father put his hand
on my head and said, 'stop there,' and he
then ran away. I've never seen him since,
and I don't think it right in me to grow
without his leave."

THE BITER BIT.—I say neighbor Snobbs,
if you don't keep your hens out of my gar-
den I will shoot them.

Very well, Doolittle, shoot away; only
if you kill any of my hens, throw them o-
ver into my yard.

Crack went the old fowling piece morn-
ing after morning, and the large fat hens
were pitched into neighbor Snobbs' yard like
raip. After a fortnight or more, Doolittle
discovered that Snobbs never had any hens,
and that he had been shooting his own, they
having broken out of his own hen coop.

REQUOCAL PREMISES.—"It seems to me
your loaves are not of the same weight,"
muttered a fault-finding house-wife to a
baker, as she poised a couple of loaves from
his basket—"do you 'spose you can cheat
me?" "I don't want to cheat you," replied
the man of bread, not relishing such an
insinuation, "I know the loaves were
weighed—every soul of them—and one
weighs just as much as 't'other, by gracious
—and more too, I dare say, if the truth was
known!"

Two sailors once met—the one looked
down cast and forlorn; the other accosted
him, "Shipmate, what's the matter?"
"Ah! said the forlorn man, "I am sick
and destitute—I have no money to supply
my wants." The other put his hand in his
pocket, and poured out his money without
weight or measure. A merchant looking
on, said, "Shipmate, now you certainly
ought not to do so, you ought at least to
take a note of him for your money." "I
am no merchant," said the sailor, "I never
take notes for my charity."

A Spring Morning.—To walk abroad
among rural scenery on a fine sunny morn-
ing, is to ramble in the temple of the Deity,
and witness the creative process.
Every day, almost every hour, witnesses
some change: buds, blossoms, leaves and
flowers are woven by unseen hands, paint-
ed by invisible artists, and perfumed from
"vials full of odors sweet"—we look upon
them in the morning with surprise and
pleasure, while the first dew and sunbeam
are visiting them. What an admirable
and perfect taste must he have, who per-
forms all this! There is no noise, no
useless display. The Creator therein
teaches modesty to his creatures. His
goodness is also visible—the blossoms soon
perish, but their hue and fragrance are the
breathings of a benevolent mind. Look
at the multitude of life heaps of sand that
lie in the paths, and suffer your eye to rest
for a moment upon the busy and apparently
happy insect that brings out his grain of
sand. Nothing seems so minute and in-
significant for the Almighty to put his hand
upon and invest with faculties of intelligence
and happiness.—Boston Courier.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.
"RIDE AND TIE."

Fielding, in his Joseph Andrews, refers
to a practice prevailing in England at that
time from which Messrs. Clay and Web-
ster seem to have borrowed the hint for
conducting the presidential campaign. It
was called "Ride and Tie," and consisted
in the following arrangement:

When two men were inclined to ride,
and had but one horse to ride upon, they
drew lots who should first mount, and
he that won proceeded onward a certain
distance, dismounted, tied his steed to a
fence and then footed it away as fast as he
could. In the mean time the other would
come up, get into the saddle, pass his com-
panion the like distance, tie his horse to the
fence, and take his spell on "Shank's mare." By
these means they got on right merrily
without overtiring themselves or their
horses.

It is thus with the two great available can-
didates; they are both going the same
pilgrimage to the White House of So-
rets, and have but one horse between them.
Mr. Webster mounts first, and skirts along
through highways and by-ways, making
speeches, skimming the cream of all the
taverns by the road side, and eating his
way to the White House, like a mouse in
a cheese. Having done this, he dismounts
and with great magnanimity permits his
rival, or associate, to scour the country,
make speeches, eat dinners, and reap all
the glory left behind the "goodlike man." This
will do well enough until they come to
the last stage of the pilgrimage, and the
White House is full in view. In that
crisis it is probable there will be some jock-
ing, and if this should be the case, the
Kentucky Lad will prove an over-match
for the Down Easter, though both have their
eye teeth out. Should a third rider appear
in the person of the "old farmer of the
North Bend," as seems not improbable,
there is reason to believe there will be a
great squabbling, and that the horse, like
Aladdin's lamp, will become the prize of
some arch "MAGICIAN."

Mr. Biddle's Bank.—The devotion of
the opposition to Mr. Biddle, during all his
derelictions of honesty and honor, is charac-
teristic of the embittered hostility of feder-
al feeling towards the democratic institu-
tions of our country. So that one is op-
posed to an administration which cherishes
the principles of equal rights, as acknowl-
edged in the plainest features of our consti-
tution, our opponents seem to care but little
of what crimes against the community he
may be guilty. We know of no terms
sufficiently explicit to convey to the mind
a full idea of the reproaches to which Mr.
Biddle has justly subjected himself—his
name alone impresses us with public mean-
ness and private dishonor; we see a vain